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NUMBER 11.

EVENING BULLETIN.

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THIRD STREET, BETWEEN JEFFERSON AND GREEN.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.—IN ADVANCE.—Daily Journal \$6; Country Daily \$6; Tri-Weekly \$6; Weekly \$8; Even in Bulletin \$6; year or 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents a week, if mailed \$8 Weekly Bulletin \$1.

CLOTH PAPER.—IN ADVANCE.—5-cent Country Dallas or Tri-Weekly \$2.50; Weekly—1 copy 2 years \$8; 2 copies 1 year \$15; 6 copies \$12; 15 copies or more \$1.50 each. Weekly Bulletin—11 copies for \$10.

Papers sent by mail are payable in advance.

What is due on the paper or Tri-Weekly is to be discounted against advance at the time it is received from the subscriber, and otherwise it will be continued at our option, until paid for and stopped, as has been our custom.

If not paid, it must be paid at the time of discontinuance, or at our option, if party in "good" it will be sent and paid.

Remittances by mail, in "certified" letters at our risk.

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One square, 10 lines \$1.00 One square, 10 lines \$1.00
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sertion 25.00 Do. three months 12.00
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Do. two weeks 30.00 Do. five months 18.00
Do. three weeks 50.00 Do. twelve months 25.00
Standing card, four lines or less, per annum \$15.00
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Do. do. do. two times per week per annum 60.00
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Advertisements not marked will be inserted one month and payment exacted.

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No communication will be inserted, unless accompanied by the real name of the author.

Steamboat advertisements—25 cents for first insertion and 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents for each subsequent one; each change considered a new advertisement. Standing advertisements for regular packets for a season of not over six months, \$12 for one boat, and \$8 for each additional boat.

Advertisements inserted only in the Evening Bulletin will be charged at the above prices; if inserted in Daily Journal and contained in the same insertion in the Evening Bulletin, one-half the above prices.

Advertisements kept on the inside of the Journal are charged an extra price.

ADVERTISING RATES.—IN WEEKLY JOURNAL.—Each square, 10 lines \$1 for first insertion \$1.00
Do. for each subsequent one 75

Advertisements contained in the Weekly Bulletin, if they are continued also in the Weekly Journal, will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents for each continuance; if not, \$1.00 in the Weekly \$120 cents.

Written notices will be given to take out and stop advertisements of yearly advertisers before the year expires, otherwise we shall charge till done.

No contract of yearly advertisements will be discontinued without previous notice to us, nor will any charge be made for less than one year at the yearly rates.

MONDAY, OCT. 12, 1857.

“The news from India for the moment deepens in gloom. Delhi at the latest advices still held out, but Lucknow is reported to have fallen. The report, it is true, lacks confirmation, although another report, itself somewhat apocryphal, asserts that Nena Sahib, who, by the way, didn't commit suicide at all, was on the way to Lucknow with a force of 15,000, and with four days the start of General Havelock, who had so far subdued the cholera in his ranks as to enable him to resume his march for the besieged city. If the last mentioned report, which appeared in the *Paris* of Paris, is well founded, the former may prove true, for it is admitted on all sides that the sole hope of Lucknow is in Gen. Havelock's arrival. The only other source to which the place could look for relief is the 3,000 Gherkas reported to have been sent by Jung Bahadur, and private intelligence renders it certain that they could not have arrived until at least a week after the garrison, if unrelieved by Havelock, had passed the starvation point. The fate of Lucknow, then, depended solely upon Havelock, and, if Nena Sahib joined the besiegers with a force of 15,000 four days before that heroic officer reached the place, the worst may well be apprehended. In this event, the world may prepare itself for a renewal of the atrocities at Cawnpore, heightened by all the refinements of brutality which Oriental ingenuity can suggest to the burning malice of the Devil. The thought is enough to send a shudder through the whole of Christendom. There is, however, the encouraging fact that the report in the *Paris* is not corroborated or even alluded to by any of the English dispatches from India, public or private, which happily tends to discredit the whole affair. We trust that it may prove entirely groundless. As for the rest, everything is substantially as it was at the date of the previous intelligence. The fire of revolt which has at length broken forth in Bombay had appeared in a single new place, but was promptly stamped out, and all combustible materials removed. The outbreak was suppressed, and the men disarmed. Madras is still loyal and undisturbed.

If, however, the news from India for the moment deepens in gloom, it is only for the moment. It is the thickening darkness which presages the dawn. But a short period, at furthest, can now elapse before the English reinforcements will have relieved their brethren in all that marvellous land, subdued the last vestige of revolt, redressed it may be with signal vengeance the wrongs of the English race and of humanity, and established amidst those dusky millions the unfading supremacy of the English sway. We are not without hope, indeed, that these results may be achieved before any fresh eruptions are added to the horrid list at which civilized people are now standing aghast, but, however this may be, they will certainly be achieved, and that at no distant hour. Few persons of ordinary sense and intelligence or of common faith in justice and humanity will dispute this.

Lord Elgin's unexpected visit to Calcutta seems to be more nearly related to the affairs of China than to those of India. His Lordship, it appears, has gone there to effect an exchange of a body of his troops, who had been ordered to India any way, for an equal number of native soldiers, who, though worthless or worse than worthless in India, will be nearly or quite as good as any in China. With the breach which the India mutiny has made in his army thus cleverly repaired, the Ambassador will return to China, and either pursue the plan of operations which we described the other day, or attack Canton at once, and without ceremony thrash the villainous Celestials into terms, as he thinks, on the whole, most advisable. It was understood that he would leave Calcutta in the course of ten days or a fortnight. We may look out for lively times when he gets back. Having, according to the figure of the Times, reunited the hind part of his horse with the fore part, he will ride into the Central Flower Kingdom in a most imperial way.

“The following exquisite little legendary poem is worthy of the gifted Rosa. Her splendid genius has given to the simple romance of Lilla Clare an intensity of pathos and an irresistible eloquence of expression. The garland she has woven with sweet bright flowers of thought awakens feelings of tender sadness, such as only one whose heart is filled with true poetic fire could breathe into existence:

(For the Louisville Bulletin.)

LILLA CLARE.

Wearily, drearily, mournfully fair,
By a deep river roves young Lilla Clare
At midnight—oh why is she wandering there?

Gently the long jetty tresses unfurl
And veil her white bosom, with many a curl,
Like dark waters, drifting o'er islands of pearl,

And the fair brow, 'neath their glorious shroud,
Gleams white as you moon, in his watch-tower proud,
Looking to earth, o'er a rampart of cloud,

From her storm-castle, (whose battlement mars
The wondrous flash from Night's turret of stars,) Sad, as a victim through dull prison bars.

Shivering, quivering, plaintively there,
O'er that swift river, comes wailing the air,
Dying in gusts, like wild shrieks of despair.

And 'neath the frost-tinted grove, where she stood,
Tall, trembling trees dropped their leaves in a flood,
Crimson leaves, dropping like showers of blood,

As if the lightning had cleaved with its dart,
One of bright Autumn's full, warm veins apart,
Leaving the rich drops to gush from her heart.

Soon o'er the moon and the stars seem to creep
Huge inky clouds, like the billows that sweep
Where stately armadas go down in the deep.

But the night's darkness, and wind's dismal wail,
Of her who stands shuddering there in the gale
Tell not, whose eyes look so mournful a tale.

Beautiful! frail! while the storm-cannons boom,
Graceful she stands by that river's deep gloom,
Like a parian vase, by a ruin-darkened tomb.

“ * * * * *

Lamps in you castle a gay throng reveal,
Floods of soft light, through its high windows steal,
And on the night wind, harp! music's loud peal!

See! 'tis a bridal, for there, side by side,
Haughty Lord Alford and fair Effie Clide
Stand to be wedded, in beauty and pride.

Scarcely less bright than the coronal there,
Seemeth the lustre of Effie's soft hair,
And neath rare pearls is her bosom most fair.

Their hands were united—the holy man said
“Can any find cause why they should not be wed?”
And through the halls a deep silence seemed shed.

Breathless, oppressive and then loud and clear,
Shrieked a voice wildly “O let me come near,
Lilla, my wife, I am here, I am here.”

Fearfully, fearfully, blushing with pride,
From the gray chapel, I came forth his bride;
Lord Alford, now do you wed Effie Clide?”

“Secret our bridal—ah, weary and sad
My warm heart has grown, once hopeful and glad.”
“Away,” (cried Lord Alford,) “away, she's mad.”

For lo! in the midst of that company fair,
The rain oozing out from her cloud of black hair,
Cold as a statue, stood young Lilla Clare.

To her mate she had flown like a storm-beaten dove,
And found him deserting the ark of her love,
Ah! whether now shall her weary wing rove?

Wretched! forsaken! and yet did he say
“She's mad, away with her”—they turned to obey,
But she swept past them, and went on her way.

Mournfully, sorrowfully—stern man hast thou
Forgotten her fondness, thin own solemn vow?

Where hast thou driven that proud victim now?

Their hands were united—the holy man said
“Can any find cause why they should not be wed?”
And through the halls a deep silence seemed shed.

Fair Effie wept, till her perjured lord swore
He never had seen crazy Lilla before,
Then, was the priest interrupted no more.

“ * * * * *

The tempest past by, and morning did fold
The earth in her vesture of purple and gold,
But in the village the chapel tolled.

Do not hear it, Lord Alford, the haughty and strong,
Where dashest thou gay wedding pageant along?

Doth mark yonder wond'ring and grief-stricken throng,

Hard by the river whose eddies seem bright
As dimples adoring a smile of delight,
No voice from its bosom doth tell of last night.

Yet on the rocks where the cataraunt bound
In the gray dawn some rude fishermen found
Poor Lilla, Clare, broken-hearted and drowned.

ROSA.

CANTON PLACE, Sept. 29, 1857.

SLIGHTLY LUDICROUS.—A few days ago, as a

highly successful “protracted meeting” in a neighbouring county was on the point of closing amidst

demands of intense excitement, one of the

brethren, taking advantage of the immense assem-

bly, rose and said: “My beloved brother—

requests me to announce to the audience that he has

lost a horse, and would like to have some informa-

tion in regard to it. He don't remember anything

he has a bald-face and one large foot!” The profound

silence which followed this extraordinary announce-

ment was presently broken by brother —'s buck

nugro, who, smarting under the recollection of the

tramp he had been compelled to take after “bald-

face” in the height of the spiritual season, ex-

claimed, in tones decidedly more distinct than ambi-

“Do horse never bin lost! Can't be found, in-

deed! Bin in de pasture all de time!” It is unne-
cessary to say that at this point the solemnity of the

occasion was overwhelmed in a tremendous outburst

of laughter, pending which the congregation dis-

persed in most ungodly confusion.

THE GOLDEN LEGACY, a Story of Life's Phases.

New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This volume is the

production of the pen of a lady of New York.

There is no clue whatever to the name of the au-

thor, but it is evidently written by no unpracticed

hand. The design of the story, the graceful easi-

ness of the style, and the artistic development of

the plot evince experience and ability. The moral

of the tale is the enforcement and illustration of the

Golden Rule, and in design, execution, and moral

influence it is far superior to many of the novels

daily issued from the press.

For sale by Morton & Griswold.

THE DIFFERENCE.—When the monetary crisis of

1857 occurred the whole country was impoverished

and during the year we imported from abroad up-

wards of eight millions of breadstuffs! Now we have

a surplus of more than THIRTY MILLIONS for ex-

port.

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MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 12, 1857.

THE MAELSTROM.—Bayard Taylor, in his last letter from the north of Europe, thus describes this marvel of the geographies:

On approaching the islands, we had a fair view of the last outposts of the group—the solid barriers against which the utmost fury of the Atlantic dashes in vain. This side of Væroë lay the large island of Moskoe, between which and a large solitary rock in the middle of the strait dividing them is the locality of the renowned Maelstrom—now, alas! almost as mythical as the kraken or great sea-snake of the Norwegian fords. It is a pity that the geographical illusions of our boyish days cannot remain. You learn that the noise of Niagara can be heard 120 miles off, and that “some Indians, in their canoes, have ventured down it with safety.” Well, one could give up the Indians without much difficulty, but it is rather discouraging to step out of the Falls Depot for the first time and hear no sound except “Cah, sir!” “Hotel, sir?” So of the Maelstrom, denoted on my school-boy map by a great spiral twist, which suggested to me a tremendous whirl of the ocean currents, aided by the information that “vessels cannot approach nearer than seven miles.” In Oiney, moreover, there was a picture of a luckless bark, half way down the vortex. I had been warming my imagination, as we came up the coast, with Campbell’s sonorous lines—

“Round the shores where runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale—
Round the isles where loud Lofoden
Whirl to death the roaring whale;”

and, as we looked over the smooth water toward Moskoe, felt a renewed desire to make an excursion thither on our return from the North. But, according to Captain Rus, and other modern authorities which I consulted, the Maelstrom has lost all its terrors and attractions. Under certain conditions of wind and tide, an eddy is formed in the strait, it is true, which may be dangerous to small boats, but the place is by no means so much dreaded as the Salten Fiord, where the tide, rushing in, is caught in such a manner as to form a bore, as in the Bay of Fundy, and frequently proves destructive to the fishing craft. It is the general opinion that some of the rocks which formerly made the Maelstrom so terrible have been worn away, or that some submarine convulsion has taken place, which has changed the action of the waters; otherwise, it is impossible to account for the reputation it once possessed.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—In giving an account of the recent State Fair, the Milwaukee Sentinel says:

Old Rock was out in all her glory. Her farmers showed crops that could not be beaten anywhere, her firemen carried off the silver trumpets, and her fair daughters won the prizes for the best display of horsemanship. I must mention, by the way, that Miss Comstock, the winner of the first prize, and certainly as graceful, fearless, and skillful a rider as ever I saw on a side-saddle, is a farmer’s daughter, and during the late harvest, when work was crowding and help scarce, drove a four-horse team before a reaper, day after day. Such are the men, women, and crops of Rock county, the pride and glory of Wisconsin.

A CURIOUS CASE OF IDENTITY.—A most extraordinary trial—one that may fairly rank among the *causes célèbres* of the day—has just taken place in Cayuga, Canada West. On the night of the 18th of October, 1854, an atrocious murder was perpetrated in Haldimand county, under the following circumstances: A gang of five highwaymen, who had previously committed many depredations in the neighborhood, appeared, after dark, at the residence of John H. Nelles, a highly respectable citizen of the county. They agreed together that William Townsend, their recognized leader, should first enter the house alone, and, in pursuance of this plan, having disguised himself with false moustaches and whiskers, Townsend knocked at the door. It was opened by Mr. Nelles in person, for all the other inmates appear to have retired to bed. The highwayman, as soon as he obtained admission, demanded gold, and being refused, a scuffle ensued, in which Mr. Nelles was shot dead by Townsend. The rest of the gang now entered and completed the robbery over the dead body of their victim.

Of the four men implicated in this crime one was killed by the policeman who attempted to arrest him; two were tried, convicted, and hung for the murder; and one, a lad of nineteen, was spared and admitted as evidence for the prosecution. Townsend, then a young man of one and twenty, escaped by shooting the officer who endeavored to effect his capture. It was in vain that every effort was subsequently made to discover his place of concealment. A very large reward was offered for his apprehension, and when months and years elapsed without any tidings of his whereabouts, people had almost ceased to remember the incidents of the murder and the other stories that were wont to be told of his crimes. Three years passed away, at the end of which time public excitement was suddenly revived on the subject. Townsend, it was asserted, had been arrested in Cleveland, Ohio.

He was examined there, and, being identified as the murderer and robber of Nelles by many witnesses, he was brought to Canada, and has recently undergone his trial in the county where his numerous offences were perpetrated. Hundreds of persons visit him in prison, but, strange to say, public opinion is completely and hopelessly divided as to whether he is or is not the murderer of Nelles. On this point the whole evidence of the trial has turned.

There is abundance of proof that John H. Nelles was murdered and robbed by one Wm. Townsend, but is the prisoner that man? Twenty-six witnesses, brought up by the prosecution, swear positively that he is. Among these witnesses are some of the most respectable inhabitants of the county. They identify marks on the prisoner’s body. Many of them have known Townsend from childhood, and all certify to his identity, though they state that he is somewhat altered in appearance. The accomplice, who was pardoned, delivers his testimony in a clear, straightforward way. He minutely describes the details of the murder, and, after a long and searching cross-examination, his assertion that the prisoner is actually Townsend, the principal actor in the crime, is not in the remotest degree shaken. The same remarks apply to other witnesses. Men and women—the prisoner’s old associates—are put upon the stand, and they, too, swear to his identity without re-verification or hesitation. In every respect, therefore, the proof seems complete, and the prisoner hopelessly convicted of the murder with which he is charged.

But the defence is now opened. Witness after witness appears, and solemnly declares that the prisoner is not the murderer Townsend. He does not even resemble him, they say. Townsend’s hair was black and straight; the prisoner’s, though very dark, has a slight curl. Townsend had small black eyes, a low forehead, and heavy eyebrows; the prisoner’s eyes are blue and prominent, his forehead is high, and his brows are by no means remarkable. Townsend, they continue to assert, had no such marks as those that appear on the prisoner’s person. As the defence progresses the mystery deepens. Townsend’s mother and sisters are examined and cross-examined with all the ingenuity that counsel can devise, but they are cool and perfectly unmoved. They swear, unhesitatingly, that the prisoner is no relation of theirs. His own demeanor is a model for men in his trying position. He is imperturbable, and calmly submits to the examination of his body. His defense is purely a negative one; he does not say who he is or where he comes from; he simply says, “I am not Townsend.” His appearance and demeanor are not prepossessing, and when arrested in Cleveland a loaded revolver and three bowie knives were found upon his person. Nevertheless, upon the evidence presented, it was almost impossible that the jury could find a verdict. They were unable to agree. In the mean time, the prisoner has been remanded, and, whatever his name be, he will now be tried for the murder of the policeman whom he is alleged to have killed in order to effect his escape. Curious revelations are expected.

N. Y. Times.

Quaint old Fuller says: “Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched.”

A DISGRACEFUL LIASON.—A late number of the *Courrier des Etats* Unis contains the following narrative of a disgraceful liaison:

Some time ago we had occasion to relate, as an incident of the current history of New York, a scandalous affair that took place at one of our most fashionable hotels. It was the story of a young man caught in a false position by an injured husband, and escaping by a flight as ridiculous as it was precipitate, the consequences of the unexpected surprise.

In itself this occurrence is not such a rare one as to fix the attention long, for we are no longer strangers to all the immorality and libertinism that conceal themselves under the gilded mantel of social elegance. We are far from being lovers of scandal; but there are cases—and this one was of the number—in which it seems to us that we are performing a duty to the community, and rendering a service to perhaps numerous families, ‘incalling attention to facts derived from the most authentic sources. The example may, besides, diminish the chances of analogous dangers, and blast with signal contempt crimes which would be more easily committed, if they were not known.

The occurrence related by us was not, as we ourselves supposed, the result of an impulse of passion or of an imprudence born of an occasion too full of temptations. It was the consequence of long and shameful maneuvering, of an incredible oppression and of a mercenary avidity without scruple and without shame—in a word, the *exploitation*, not even under form of love, but by means of intimidation and of the force of the purse and pecuniary resources, of a woman timorous and submissive to a long martyrdom.

Let the facts speak for themselves: Some years since, Mrs. Z., being seriously unwell, and entertaining small hopes of a speedy recovery of health, was taken by her husband to Paris, where it was hoped that change of climate and medical skill would fight to greater advantage the peculiar disorders with which her nervous system was affected. But the course of treatment was long; and, as important affairs compelled the return of Mr. Z. to America, he was obliged to leave his wife in France to the care of a family of compatriots and friends. It was then that a deplorable mischance threw the convalescent into relations with one of those young Americans, who are beggarly gentlemen of leisure and unprincipled vagabonds, and who, having made their escape from the family circle and left the parental roof, have no other aim in a foreign country than to gratify their taste for pleasure by all possible means without ever weighing against their vanity any scruples of personal dignity or self-respect.

Ready to engage in any plan of raising the wind, young X. was not slow to understand that, out of a woman deprived of the double protection of her husband and of her family, an excellent speculation might be made. Dissembling at first the baseness of his designs, he devoted himself to the sick lady, and easily inspired her with an affectionate gratitude which he was not slow to impose upon. The first care of X., when admitted to the place of a friend, was to borrow systematically at first small sums and then larger amounts. No account was kept with a man who gave such proofs of devoted attention. Sometimes he restored a part of what he had received, but with a feminine delicacy all reference to the subject by her was avoided, and when, after an intimate acquaintance of more than a year, Madame Z. was about to return to America, there was a balance in her favor of about \$1,600 which her brother owed her.

After she had departed he was not slow in perceiving that it would be difficult for him to continue to exercise his industry in Paris where there was no likelihood of finding another woman disposed to pay for his interested pretences of love. It naturally occurred to him to continue his disgraceful liaison upon this side of the Atlantic, and with this view he managed to entrap Mrs. Z. into a correspondence which put into his hands a series of letters that compromised her, and constituted proofs of the existence of the most criminal relations between them. Thisfeat accomplished, he repaired to the United States, armed with those papers on the use of which he had calculated.

He might then have been seen in his Parisian dress, just disembarked, his hair carefully parted in the middle in front, rings on his fingers, chains on his waistcoat, sometimes upon Broadway, sometimes at the opera. But, not being able to pay his expenses in New York, he went South, where his victim had been for some months under the conjugal roof. There he threw off the mask and commenced playing a rôle fit only for such a filthy soul. He no longer endeavored to obtain Mrs. Z.’s money by entreaties, but by menaces and constant intimidation. He must have money. Should she refuse it, he would publish her letters—he would send them to her husband—and she should be driven from her home outcast—should be pointed at in the streets. Madame Z. was about to return to America, there was a balance in her favor of about \$1,600 which her brother owed her.

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TRUNKS! TRUNKS! AT COST!

J. H. M' CLEARY,
At the National Trunk Emporium,
Corner Main and Fourth sts., Louisville, Ky.

OFFERS HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF
Sole-leather, Iron-end, and Dress Trunks, Bonnet
Boxes, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c.,

AT PRIME COST FOR CASH ONLY.

Remember, at the
National Trunk Emporium,
CORNER FOURTH AND MAIN STREETS.

HARDY FLOWER ROOTS FOR SALE.

Just received a fine lot of Hardy Bulbous Flowering Roots, consisting of Double Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, Crown Imperials (assorted), also a fine variety of other Roots.

EDWARD WILSON, Florist,

Louisville, Ky.

\$29 j&b

FINE SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES.

CONCAVE, CONVEX, and PERI-CONVEX PEBBLES; CONVEX, CONCAVE, CATARACT, PERIFOCAL, OPERA and MICROSCOPIC GLASSES; COLORFUL, FRENCH GRAY, and SMOKE, for inflamed eyes.

WE always have the largest assortment for all conditions of impaired vision to be found in the city. In every case, a full examination will be made, and a prescription will be given. RAMSEY & BROTHIER,
488 Main st., second door below Fourth.

NOTICE.

Persons having left their Watches or Jewelry with me for repairing or indebted to me on account will please call on me at Ramsey & Brothers, on Main street, where I will be pleased to see my old friends and customers.

Sept 19 1851 J. R. ESTERLE.

A. J. HARRINGTON,
No. 533 Market st., between First and Second sts.,
Keeps constantly on hand the choicest brands of

Havana Cigars
AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

Also, SNUFF, PIPES, and SMOKING TOBACCO.

A share of public patronage deserved.

29 j&b

VOGT & KLINK.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS and
Wholesalers, Dealers in Watches, Clocks,
and fine Jewelry, at Eastern Prices No.

72 Third street, near Market, Louisville, Ky.

Great care taken in setting Diamonds in all descriptions of Jewelry, and done with dispatch.

N. B.—Watches and Jewelry repaired in a very superior
manner.

17 wj& d&b

COAL! COAL! COAL!

NOW IS THE TIME

TO LAY IN YOUR STOCK OF COAL FOR
THE SEASIDE.

BEWARE OF A LOW RIVER, SHORT STOCK, AND
HIGH PRICES!

WE have just received a supply of Coal from SYRACUSE and GARDNER Mines, which, with our regular supplies of PITTSBURG and SPLINT, make our assortment of COAL THE BEST IN THE CITY. Our prices are uniform and AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

EP Office on Third street, opposite the Post-office.

W. H. CRITTENDEN.

REMOVAL.

We have removed our FINISHING and
PIANO WARE-ROOMS to the corner of
Main and Sixth streets, Reynolds' new
block.

Entrance on Main street, also on Sixth, in rear of
same.

Factory corner of Fourteenth and Main streets.
d24 j&b Jan 14 w4 PETERS, CRAGG, & CO.

PETERS, CRAGG, & CO.,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS.

Having increased our facilities, we are
now enabled to turn out from ten to twelve
Pianos per week. We would respectfully
inform all our friends and retail pur-

chasers that we hope for a future to be able to supply the
increased demand for our instruments.

As regards the merits of our Pianos we would respectfully
refer to the fact, for the last five years, we HAVE RE-

CEIVED THE HIGHEST AWARDS when placed in competition
with THE PREMIUM PIANOS of New York and Boston.

17th Instant and Piano Ware-rooms corner of Main and Sixth streets.

17th Factory corner of Fourteenth and Main streets.
d24 b&b Jan 14 w4 PETERS, CRAGG, & CO.

Visiting Cards.

D. R. La Rue's and Cohen's new make white, amber, buff,
pink, and tinted Visiting Cards; a large supply.

CRUMP & WELSH.

Evening DRESS GOODS,
SILKS, EMBROIDERIES
other Desirable Dry Goods,

With a good assortment of
CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, CURTAIN MATERIALS,
FALL CLOAKS, MANTLES, SHAWLS &c.,

Received and in store by

C. DUVAL & CO., 537 Main st.

WE have now in store (late receipts) a full and superb
assortment of the above goods, including every variety
of male and Domestic Dry Goods, with every
necessary article in the House Furniture, including a fine
line of elegant Bassinet Linens, &c., all of which we offer at
the lowest prices.

C. DUVAL & CO., 537 Main st.

MABEL VAUGHAN, by the author of the Lamp-Light
er, for sale by

C. HAGAN & CO.

MABEL VAUGHAN, by the author of the Lamp-Light
er, for sale by

C. HAGAN & CO.

NOVELTIES.

CALL and see the splendid assortment of FANCY
GOODS, TOYS, &c., at TALBOT'S, 88 Fourth street,

where the largest assortment of goods in the line are kept.

Just received a fine stock of the following articles:

French, English, and American Perfumery;

Frangipani, the new and eternal Perfume;

Novelties, Toys, &c.,

Black and Fancy Laces;

Cloth Tourists or Dusters;

EMBROIDERIES of EVERY KIND;

MOURNING GOODS;

SHAWLS, SCARFS, and CLOAKS;

DOMESTIC, SCARFS, and CLOAKS;

NEGOE WEARS of ALL KINDS;

FLANNELS of EVERY DESCRIPTION;

SATIN and PLAIN MERINOS;

BEST MAKE of JOUVIN'S KIDS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Above we give a limited list of some of the leading articles which we offer for sale, and at such prices as will defy competition. We are determined not to be exceeded in quality, style, assortment, or low prices. We buy at the very lowest figures and from the best Eastern houses, which we can buy at.

29 j&b

MARTIN & PENTON,

96 FOURTH ST.

RICH FALL DRESS GOODS;

LEGG & RIBBONS;

BLACK and FANCY LACES;

CLOTH TOURISTS or DUSTERS;

EMBROIDERIES of EVERY KIND;

MOURNING GOODS;

SHAWLS, SCARFS, and CLOAKS;

DOMESTIC, SCARFS, and CLOAKS;

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29 j&b

MARTIN & PENTON,

96 FOURTH ST.

1,000 COPIES HARPERS' MONTHLY for October
(price 20c.) just received by

CRUMP & WELSH,

84 Fourth st., near Market.

CO. & CO.

October.

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EVENING BULLETIN.

We learn that a Cincinnati black-carter man was pretty thoroughly egged at Shelbyville on Saturday. He was permitted to draw the coin from the bank, and as he came out he was saluted with the eggs. He made his exit out of the place in double quick time, leaving his horse and buggy behind.

We have another incident in point: A Cincinnati broker made his appearance in South Bend, Ind., with a carpet sack full of bank notes on the branch bank of the State, located there. The news of his coming had reached the town by telegraph, and when he stepped off the cars he was given by the people summary "notice" to quit. He left by the next train, a wiser if not a better man.

We agree with a cotemporary, that to run our substantial banks for coin now is infamous. The institutions are undoubtedly good if left alone; but if they are forced to redeem *at once*, they must inevitably close their doors. It may be well enough to sell gold for any price it is worth, provided it be legitimately obtained; but for a few brokers to pursue such a course as they know must inevitably ruin hundreds, and perhaps thousands, effectually stop the wheels of business, and in the end throw the industrious poor tens of thousands out of employment and force them to beg or starve, is an outrage for which the law affords no remedy, but which the community regards very much as it does highway robbery.

The money market on Saturday wore a decidedly gloomy appearance, owing to the unfavorable news from abroad. The rates for exchange and currency were the same as before.

Private dispatches from New Orleans are very unfavorable. Middling cotton was offered at 10 cents—a decline of 6½ cents—without finding buyers, owing to the difficulty of obtaining exchange. Our own dispatch exhibits a large decrease in the coin and deposits of the New Orleans banks.

Private dispatches mention the suspension of Corning & Co., large bankers of New York and New Orleans. The New York papers, of Thursday evening, are unanimous in representing the business depression of the day as the severest yet experienced in the city. The Commercial says:

The banks upon the country side, is forcing a large amount of the specie to the State, the larger part are selling at low prices. About fifty thousand dollars of sixes, redeemable in 1860, '61, '62, '64, and '72, were taken up to 9½, and twenty-eight thousand dollars' worth of Virginia fives at 9½ for 1858, 90 for 1859, and for 1860, 9½ for 1861, through 75, Missouri 64½, Michigan 73, and Tennessee 73½ and 94.

This has been a gloomy day in the street, and so far as our own conversation goes we do not think that we have had a more dependent feeling prevailing during the whole course of the year. Not only the men who have been induced to think that we were gradually but surely working the way out of our difficulties, now wear in their confidence, and seem inclined to join the ranks of those who hold that there is but one way to obviate a universal bankruptcy—and that is for the banks to come to the relief of the community, and by a moderate but prompt relief in the passing the present terrible crisis.

Our own opinion, deliberately formed, is that our banks have so much strength in their position within the last few months, as without any power to the contrary, they are abundantly able to advance sufficient means to the merchants to enable them to commence bringing the crops to the westward, and thus make one element of the actual wealth of the country available. An expansion of ten millions in New York at the present time would be of incalculable benefit to the country at the present time.

The Baltimore Patriot, of Friday evening, says:

Existing difficulties in New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere have had the effect of producing more stringency in our market. The banks here to-day are discounting with great caution. Quite an amount of mercantile paper is being turned down, and confidence not quite so strong. Capitalists are less disposed to place their money in the street, and good notes are difficult to dispose of at 2½ to 3 per cent.

Exchange on the North, especially on New York, is under existing rumors, very much unsettled. We quote it nominal 5½ to 6 per cent, premium—banks being bought at 4 per cent, premium.

Virginia bank notes (old) 2½ to 3 per cent discount—new bank notes 5½ to 10 per cent discount. North Carolina bank notes are selling to some extent at 8 to 10 per cent, discount, and on England 7 to 9 per cent, premium in Baltimore funds.

The Cincinnati Times, of Saturday evening, says: The checkings upon the bankers to-day are heavier than they have been, as is usual upon Saturday, when employees receive their pay.

Accommodations are not asked for and could not be obtained at any rate; but there is more financial stir than has been for several days past.

The money market is very much unsettled. No banker is to be found who will hold deposits, and those who hold deposits are bound to pay them when asked for, but they will part with no currency in any other way.

Exchange on New York and gold are nominally 5 per cent, but they cannot be bought in any amount. Dealers are disposed to hold on to both.

The New Orleans Picayune, of the 4th, says in its money article dated on the night of the 3d,

The feeling to-day in the street was hardly as satisfactory as before, though it is to be hoped that with the close of this week there will be some amendment. The New York dispatches read indifferently, and until some relief is experienced, we cannot but move freely. Some cotton was sold to-day, but buyers are very sparing.

Others are very sparing, and will not part with their money to-day, and be certain of passing their bills before venturing to operate. Money comes close, and paper is discounted liberally, and the day has passed off without any trouble. This is the present aspect of affairs, is highly satisfactory and creditable.

The bank statement for the week shows a loss of specie, which is to be expected from the continued demand for gold.

Most of it has gone to the West. The reduction in liability is our only great trouble.

The exact change, as compared with last week, is as follows:

St. Louis Democrat, Oct. 10.

The following is an abstract of the condition of the banks:

Liabilities. Resources.

Circulation..... 7,884,994 Specie..... 5,644,917

Deposits..... 9,350,624 Short loans..... 25,768,312

Discounts..... 717,134 Exchange..... 2,394,855

The following is an abstract of the condition of the banks:

Liabilities. Resources.

Circulation..... 790,145 Specie..... 526,884

Deposits..... 92,420 Short loans..... 329,754

Discounts..... 180,755 Exchange..... 2,394,855

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Deposits..... 92,420 Short loans..... 329,754

Discounts..... 180,755 Exchange..... 2,394,855

The following is an abstract of the condition of the banks:

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